MOTHER EARTH

Vol. XI. November, 1916 No. 9

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Vol. XI **NOVEMBER, 1916** **No. 9**

FREEDOM IN AMERICA

BY WALTER CRANE

WHERE is thy home, O freedom? Have they set
Thine image up upon a rock to greet
All comers shaking from their wandering feet
The dust of the Old World bondage, to forget
The tyrannies of fraud and force, nor fret,
Where men are equal, slavish chain unmeet;
Nor bitter bread of discontent to eat,
Here, where all races of the earth are met?
America! beneath thy banded flag
Of old it was thy boast that men were free,
To think, to speak, to meet, to come, to go.
What meaneth, then, the gibbet and the gag
Held up to Labor's sons who would not see
Fair Freedom but a mask—a hollow show?

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

JUSTICE as the instrument of economic slavery and revenge in the hands of the oppressors has become a common sight in the country. There are surely circles and groups to be found in which it is quite normal to maintain that courts and justice are nothing else but the strong arms of the ferocious giant Law, whose moral duty it is to keep the dissatisfied and sometimes desperate "lower classes" in submission. Jutice itself complies more and more with this idea. The herd of subjects gets accustomed to it so that it takes very strong law and order dope to arouse the masses from their slumber. But what is going on now in San Francisco should be strong enough to arouse even the most indifferent and callous.

Warren K. Billings has been sentenced to life-time imprisonment under the accusation that he planted the preparedness parade bomb on July 22nd, which killed ten people.

Billings defense had the most convincing evidence in possession that the defendant could not have set off the explosion. The witnesses were disinterested people, mostly opposed to each and all radical views. The alibi of Billings was minutely drawn up and corroborated by witnesses whom the prosecution could not charge with the slightest particle of prejudice in favor of Billings.

On the other hand it has been shown beyond any reasonable doubt that the star witnesses of the state were very much materially interested in the proceedings and outcome of the trial. Money, promises, and favors influenced their "imagination" to a large extent and of course such an inflamed imagination is liable to work havoc with the testimony to the utter destruction of the innocent defendant. Proof has been secured that Estelle Smith, one of the chief witnesses for the prosecution, was a prostitute in Los Angeles and was arrested several times under the Mann Act. She was involved in a murder committed by her uncle and for which this uncle is now serving time. Her stepfather is serving in Folsom penitentiary for forgery. All in all this witness is a person who naturally would swear to most anything to gain the favor and protection of the prosecution. Crowley, another witness, has been convicted for stealing and

was out on parole at the time he testified. It is easy to understand why he was in need of the good will of the police. McDonald is a dope fiend and has been treated three times for the drug habit. Rominger, another witness of the state, who corroborated Estelle Smith, was formerly a private detective in Seattle. Officer Moore, who lied about seeing Billings in front of 721 Market Street, used to be a scab for the United Railway in a former strike. Mrs. Kidwell, mother of Estelle Smith, was also billed as a "star" witness, but was withdrawn when it became known that the defense got possession of correspondence showing a deal with the district attorney whereby her forger husband was to be pardoned in exchange for her testimony.

And the jurors? The fact has been established that everyone of them was a professional juror. One of them has been a juror for eleven years. The others have served for the last year and part of them for two or three years. Most of them have served practically every day as a regular occupation. There is no doubt that they were in the jury-box to convict and yet a new trial has been denied to Billings.

Testimony of a similar quality will be brought up against Nolan, Mooney et al. It is still time to arouse at least the people who think, feel, and who still are able to blush over such outrageous proceedings which are disguised under the "majesty of the law."

* * *

IN REGARD to Birth Control, those authorities who sit in judgment over it, seem to be all in a muddle. During Emma Goldman's and later Dr. Reitman's trial and incarceration an opinion emanated from the district attorney's office to the effect that there was no serious objection to Birth Control information if given in the "right way," the objection being only to the obscene. However, syping, persecution, and indictments against Birth Control propagandists have meanwhile been going on in the same or as in some cases in even a more despicable manner. Whether this results from the idea that all Birth Control propaganda and information carried on so far has been obscene or whether it just grew out of general confusion one cannot know.

As the example of Judge Wadhams evidently shows there are authorities of the bench who strongly and unmistakably are opposed to that ante-deluvian law which threatens the advocates of Birth Control with persecution and prison. Besides, the number of medical authorities, who come out openly for Birth Control grows larger from day to day.

All this indicates the pressing need of clearing the situation. It is time to know what is what regarding the attitude of the authorities towards Birth Control.

Margaret Sanger has started out in the right way to give information at her clinic in Brooklyn. Hundreds of anxious, miserable mothers came to the establishment to tell their stories of suffering, caused by poverty and helpless ignorance. They considered Margaret Sanger's enterprise as the blessing of all blessings, destined to free them from a horrible night-mare.

But on October 26th, 4 detectives, one of them a female, by the name of Whitehouse, broke into the clinic, ransacked the place, and arrested Margaret Sanger and her assistant, Miss Fanny Mindell. Towards evening the same day, Ethel Byrne, sister of Mrs. Sanger, was also arrested at her private apartment. She is a trained nurse and was helping her sister with the work. Margaret Sanger has been placed under $500 bail.

In order to "get" her that female detective liar came to her as a mother of four children. She carried a borrowed baby in her arms, complaining that she could not afford to give birth to more children. She says, she paid $2.00 for advice. But the arrangement at the clinic was, that a woman who came for consultation had to pay only ten cents, a sum so small that any personal profit is out of the question.

The case of Margaret Sanger will be tried on Friday, Nov. 3rd in the New Jersey Avenue Court in East New York.

* * *

MORE than three and a half million men have been murdered, crippled, made prisoners by the war, but no alienist has made a test of the brains of the potentates, premiers, and generals who manage this planet-encircling human slaughter house. They are not declared insane, they are considered able and great men. But now in

Vienna Dr. Friedrich Adler, a socialist, has killed the Austrian premier Stuerghk and from everywhere the shout goes up that he must be insane. Especially those socialists in Austria and Germany, whom the war made "social patriots" lose no time in repudiating and denouncing Adler. At the same time they vote where they have an opportunity in the parliament as in Germany for new enormous war credits in order that the mutual destruction and murder of the working classes of the European countries may go on successfully and scientifically.

Also the New York CALL publishes an editorial, expressing satisfaction that the respectability of the Socialist party has not been impaired by the *attentat*. The writer jesuitically remarks:

> The killer was at one time undoubtedly a Socialist, though whether he was such when he slew his victim is a disputed point. He had severed connection with the Socialist party, but that is not by any means complete proof that he was not a Socialist.

Indeed not, Friedrich Adler had severed connection not with socialism but with that majority of socialist politicians who betrayed socialism and internationalism, thinking the time had come to gain through the war some "political power" and renouncing for this rubbish the very ideas and ideals by means of which they had persuaded large parts of the working class to follow them blind-foldedly as their leaders. The man who killed Count Stuerghk is a real socialist of strong convictions, his very sincerity led him to the act. Count Stuerghk was one of the chief instigators of the war. His name was signed to that ultimatum to Serbia, filled to the brim with impudent threats and war provocations. Again it was under the regime of this man that censorship strangled every thought not approved by the government. Likewise parliament was done away with in Austria. Shortly before Adler fired his shot two meetings called for the purpose of demanding the re-opening of the *Reichsrat* were prohibited.

The Austrian government considered discussion of the war by the representatives of the people undesirable and even to this reactionary *coup de etat* the leaders of the social democratic majority meekly submitted, although

the ballot-box, the vote, and the parliamentary game are their most cherished holy Trinity.

That under all these circumstances the deed of Adler is considered insane or the act of an irresponsible fanatic serves only to show that not a grain of the revolutionary past of socialism has remained in the heads and hearts of the present leaders of the party.

They still refer occasionally to Carl Marx but Marx once had to defend himself before a jury in Cologne on the charge of urging the people to arm themselves and to drive out reaction by insurrection. Marx also approved many a terroristic act during the Nihilist period in Russia. August Bebel and others were sent as prisoners to the Prussian fortress of Loetzen at the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war, because they dared to denounce the war as a rotten dynastic game and to counsel solidarity between the French and German people.

One of Friedrich Adler's articles in the *"Kampf"* now reproduced by the New York *Volkszeitung* concludes with the remark that the war has made necessary a new *Internationale* not only of theory but of action.

It was no doubt in this spirit of international brotherhood that Adler shot Premier Stuerghk. He may have hoped that the shot would resound around the globe and awaken in the suffering people the conscience and the courage to dethrone those crowned and uncrowned monsters who tricked humanity into that bloody chaos.

* * *

ACCORDING to a newspaper report the employees of the Rockefeller domain at Pocantico Hills were very eager in helping to recapture six Sing Sing prisoners who had managed to escape from the hell-hole on the Hudson.

The Rockefellers when hearing of the episode, probably felt very much relieved that the common people still distinguish between the unsuccessful criminal who goes to prison and whom they hunt down jungle fashion and the billion possessing criminal who spits on the law, makes slaves of the producers of his fabulous wealth, is lord of immense estates, and highly respected and honored by the community.

A WRITER in the *Forum* recently discussing the attitude of the church towards the struggle for social progress, came to the conclusion, that the church in this regard is damnable dumb—"As it has always been damnable dumb and as it can always be counted upon to be damnable dumb, whenever the interests of mammon are at stake."

It sounds like a weak attempt to answer this and many similar reproaches when the bishops of the Protestant-Episcopal Church declare that

all Christians are under a common obligation conscientiously to scrutinize the sources of their incomes and to give moral support to every just effort to secure better conditions and regular employment for all wage earners.

Let the churches of all denominations—many of them enormously rich—be the first to conscientiously scrutinize the sources of their riches, and then give them to the poor according to the teachings of Christ. But you could get as old as Methusalem and still wait in vain for this good Christian example.

* * *

THE United States post office department interprets the phrase "America first" into suppressing arbitrarily all radical periodicals printed in languages other than English.

Rabochaya Rech (Workers' Voice), published in Chicago in the Russian language, received a communication from the postmaster informing the publishers that two issues of the paper were unmailable and that in the future "you will be required to file with this office a true translation in English of the articles contained in the issues of the publication hereafter offered for mailing, and to certify the same as the true translation of such contents, before copies can be accepted for transmission in the mails."

The meaning of this is not only censorship but *preventative* censorship. The thought is caught and killed before it gets into print. Of course the paper would not and could not submit to such expensive and degrading despotism. The publishers make it known that the circulation will be handled in the way radical papers were distributed under the knout of Russian czarism, the level of which the post office department of the Republic can boast to have reached successfully.

LABOR'S INFERNO IN THE LAW COURTS

IN CHICAGO twenty-nine years ago on the 11th of November, Albert Parsons, August Spies, George Engel, and Adolf Fischer were legally murdered. The trial of the Chicago Anarchists had come to an end after more than a year and a half of mean legal cunning, of innumerable outrages against plain truth and justice, of trained state witnesses, bribery, and perjury. The result was the hanging of four men, the driving into death of Louis Lingg, the sending of Schwab and Fielden for life-time and of Neebe for 15 years to Joliet penitentiary. Six years later the governor of Illinois, J. P. Altgeld, issued a pardon for these three remaining victims of governmental and capitalistic justice, releasing them from jail and proving in a masterly way by what crooked and criminal methods the trial had been conducted. But the legal murder of the five idealists buried under the sod of Waldheim cemetery could not be "made good." They remained in their graves silent but forceful propagandists against a corrupted society, the weapons of which are lies, jails and the gibbet.

The charge against Parsons, Spies and comrades was murder, they were held responsible for the death of policeman Degan, who had been killed by the explosion of a bomb on May 4th, 1886, at the meeting on the Haymarket which the police had brutally assaulted and raided in Cossack fashion.

At that period the American labor movement had developed a strong revolutionary spirit in favor of direct action. Disgust with politics and politicians prevailed in the larger cities. Many enthusiastic mass meetings were held, urging the workers to take matters into their own hands, to distrust "representatives" of all brands, to use their own power and intelligence to bring about conditions under which the workers could breathe a little easier, lead an "almost human life" as one of their speakers expressed it. By means of impressive local strikes with a tendency towards the general strike, several hundred thousand workers gained the eight-hour day throughout the country. The most advanced intellects in this movement were our comrades. Parsons, Spies, Fielden, and in their own ways also the others were the indefatiga-

ble spokesmen of the workers. They helped them to organize, to conduct the battles against capital, against the despotism of government and the courts in an intelligent manner, based on the social revolutionary principle that the aim of labor's struggle for emancipation must logically be the downfall of capitalism, the abolition of the wage system which would make room for free co-operation of human forces and abilities.

It was their high intelligence, their wide range of knowledge, their ability to inspire the workers with enthusiasm and courage that made our comrades so very dangerous in the eyes of the "law-abiding," well-to-do, and rich classes. They feared to be disturbed in their greedy endeavor to gather more and more wealth and arbitrary power. Thus the dangerous propagandists and Anarchists must be crushed. They were held responsible for the throwing of a bomb of which even the Court expressed the opinion that it was thrown by an unknown person. The law itself was broken to pieces in order to have them convicted.

Gen. M. M. Trumbull in his appeal to the governor of Illinois had this to say about the position of the Chicago Anarchists in the court:

"On the floor of the Court House they stood at a perilous disadvantage. The scales of justice were not poised evenly between the accused and the State. They were poor; the prosecution rich. The whole machinery of the city and county government was at the service of the prosecution. The treasury was reckless of cost. The police force, the detective force, and every official influence were active against the prisoners. They were beaten from the start. In the arena of life or death they fought against odds unfair and invincible. They played for a jury with dice loaded against them. The indictment was a bewildering contradiction of sixty-nine discordant counts, and every count was the horn of a dilemma. If Schnaubelt threw the bomb, says the Supreme Court, you are guilty as his accomplices, because the indictment alleges that Schnaubelt threw it. If Schnaubelt did not throw the bomb, as you have tried to show, then the case of the State is proved, because the indictment says that it was not thrown by him, but by an unknown person."

From a dilemma like that, Trumbull goes on to point out—escape was hopeless. Evidence and its contradiction are alike fatal to the accused. From a labyrinth of sixty-nine counts, the most experienced pilot cannot extricate the prisoners.

Furthermore:

The counsel for the State were permitted to put leading questions to their own witnesses, notably to Gilmer, the most rickety witness of all. He swore that he saw the bomb thrown, and could recognize the man who threw it. A portrait of Schnaubelt was handed to him, and he was asked if that was the man. His answer was, "I say that is the man that threw the bomb out of the alley." The question was leading, for it lead the witness at once to the desired answer, yes. The offer of the picture by itself for identification was unfair. It should have been mixed with others and the witness required to select the portrait of Schnaubelt, without aid or suggestion from anybody. So he was permitted, in a theatrical way, to point out Spies as the man who lighted the fuse. This was all done after the style and manner of the minor theaters where the villain of the play is accidentally identified by a stranger who suddenly appears upon the scene.

About the jury in the Haymarket trial Trumbull wrote in the mentioned appeal:

The whole machinery of legal administration was in the hands of the prosecution; and a common bailiff, a subordinate part of that machinery, was made absolute dictator and autocrat of a jury. The honest safeguard known as "drawing" for a jury was not observed. The equal chance which the "drawing" of jurors from a list of qualified voters gives to both sides was not given to the defendants. The jurors were not "drawn," but "summoned." They were summoned by a mere bailiff, man by man, at his own arbitrary will and pleasure. After he had strained and filtered the jury population of every man belonging to the same classes as the defendants, the prosecution was allowed to filter even his unfair selection by 120 peremptory challenges. Even of the twelve who tried the case, nine confessed themselves prejudiced against socialists, anarchists, and communists, while some of them even admitted that they were prejudiced against the defendants. Yet this is the jury "whose province it was" to pass upon all the evidence, and who were "warranted in believing" anything against the defendants.

That was the way the Chicago Anarchists were sent to the gallows. However, society has not been "saved" by the foul deed, it is still and increasingly in danger to be found out, and to be severely arraigned before the tribunal of truth and justice by those whom it tramples under foot and whom it deceives.

* * *

Is it necessary to point out the ghastly resemblance between the Chicago Haymarket trial and labor trials of our days? It is obvious enough. The law courts of the country are to-day more than ever an Inferno whose torture chambers are filled with fighters and champions

of labor. One reads over again the documents of the Haymarket shame and turns to the trial at San Francisco against Warren K. Billings, Edward D. Nolan, Israel Weinberg, Thomas J. Mooney, and Rena Mooney. Yes, Justice works there with the same tools. There we find the whole outfit for "procuring evidence" by means of rehearsed witnesses and bribery, by encouraging the liar and shoving the undesirable teller of truth out of the way. Also the jury is the same bunch, "warranted in believing" anything against the accused. Do not tell the children in the schools anything about the horrors of the Bastille under the Capet regime.—The bright ones amongst them may call your attention to the fact that the labor trials of the present period show a considerable likeness to the procedures which made antagonists of the then powerful and rich classes disappear in the dungeons of the Bastille.

That rascal Gilmer of Haymarket trial infamy who saw Schnaubelt throw the bomb and saw August Spies light the fuse has had a large progeny in the law courts of the United States. Judas as state witness has become an institution, he is the rock on which Justice erects its edifice. In the McNamara case and in the trial of Matthew Schmidt he saved society. He did the same at San Francisco in the Billings trial. And we will see him again come to the rescue of civilization in the iron ore range of Minnesota, when Carlo Tresca, Joe Schmidt, Sam Scarlett and others will appear in court to suffer the revenge of the mine owners.

Indeed, law and order would have to declare bankrupt if this Judas, the state witness was not always ready to tell everything except the truth.

Since the Chicago Black Friday many events and experiences have taught the lesson that the courts in a society based on social and economic injustice are not the places where the battle for real Justice can be fought. Law is the stronghold of the upper classes' privileges.

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DIRECT ACTION—Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.

BACK IN NEW YORK

SAN FRANCISCO is a bit far from New York, and that probably accounts for the fact that hardly any news has reached the people in the East of the great labor struggle now being waged on the Pacific slope.

And yet we are all fighting the same fight, and the situation in San Francisco now is especially very grave. Four of the most devoted labor men and one woman there are now facing the gallows on a frame-up of the Chamber of Commerce. Big Business on the Coast has declared a war of extermination against organized labor. In the persons of Billings, Mooney, Mrs. Mooney, Nolan and Weinberg they seek to strike a fatal blow to the militant workers of the Western Coast. Billings has already been convicted by a professional jury, on the evidence of notorious prostitutes, pimps and perverts. Unless the country is aroused to the police conspiracy to hang the other accused labor men—all of them absolutely innocent in this case—the program of blood vengeance will be carried out by the mob in authority.

Because of the gravity of the situation, the International Workers' Defense League of San Francisco, consisting of over forty labor organizations, has sent me as its special representative to interest the people of the East in the uneven struggle now being waged by our accused brothers against the organized powers of greed and oppression.

The San Francisco cases are not local. Success or defeat there will quickly show its ef-

fects on the labor struggle of the whole country.

Every fair-minded man and woman must come to our aid in this difficult moment. A repetition of the 11th of November, 1887, must not be permitted. Help must be given before it is too late.

Organizations, groups and individuals who want to aid the San Francisco prisoners of the labor war, or who want me to address them on the subject, please communicate with me at once. During my stay in the East, my office will be at 20 East 125th Street, New York, N. Y. Phone Harlem 6194.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

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AGAIN THE BIRTH CONTROL AGITATION

By EMMA GOLDMAN

IF ANY one is in doubt about the tremendous growth of the Birth Control movement, two recent happenings in New York City should dispel this doubt. One is the opinion of Judge Wadhams of General Sessions, and the other is the desperate methods employed by the New York Police Department in dealing with the Birth Control advocates. Not only do the police arrest everyone who openly discusses or distributes Birth Control information, but they frame up charges against innocent victims. Of course, perjury is nothing new with the Police Department, so it may not surprise you to learn that the old staid method is again being used in the most flagrant manner.

First as to Judge Wadhams. A woman was brought before him for burglary. Mrs. Schnur declared that she was compelled to steal to obtain bread for her six children, the youngest of whom was ten months old.

Up until five years ago Samuel Schnur was able to support his family with his earnings as an operator on childrens' coats in an east side shop. The close confinement ultimately had its effect on the man, and he de-

veloped tuberculosis. He kept at his work despite his illness until discovered by an inspector of the Health Department, who refused to permit him to remain in the shop as long as he had the disease. Since that time he has been unable to obtain employment.

The burden of support fell on Mrs. Schnur, who has partially earned a living for the family by doing odd jobs. Recently she was unfortunate in obtaining employment, and quickly used up what little money she had on hand. Last month she entered the home of Morris Moskowitz, at 203 East Seventh Street, and stole a small sum of money and a watch, which resulted in her arrest.

In his opinion Judge Wadhams said that Mrs. Schnur had been found guilty on a previous occasion of theft, arising out of the same conditions, but sentence was suspended. Although the woman could be sentenced for a long term in prison, the Court said that the unusual circumstances were such as to warrant a further extension of clemency.

After discussing the condition of the husband and his inability to care for his family, Judge Wadhams made the following statement:

Nevertheless he goes on becoming the father of children who have very little chance under the conditions to be anything else but tubercular, and, themselves growing up, to repeat the process with society. There is no law against that.

But we have not only no birth regulation in such cases, but if information is given with respect to birth regulation people are brought to the bar of justice for it. There is a law they violate.

Judge Wadhams pointed out that many nations of Europe had adopted birth regulation with seemingly excellent results. He queried whether Americans had taken as common sense a view of the subject as we might.

"I believe," the opinion continued, "that we are living in an age of ignorance which at some future time will be looked upon aghast as we look back upon conditions which we now permit to exist. So before us we have here a family increasing in number, with a tubercular husband, with a woman with a child at her breast, with other small children at her skirts, and no money."

It was certainly worth going to jail to teach a Judge the importance of Birth Control for the masses of people. However, even going to jail will never teach the police anything.

Friday, October 20th, I was subpoenaed to appear as a witness for Mr. Bolton Hall in his trial before Special

Sessions, Department Six, for having distributed Birth Control circulars at the Union Square meeting on May 20th. Mr. Hall was acquitted. Together with a number of friends, I left the court house about 5 P. M., and had barely gotten to the sidewalk when I was arrested by detective Price. When he was asked to show a warrant he said it was unnecessary, that I was in his charge and would have to come along. Knowing from the past that a detective, even like the Russian Black Hundred, is absolute, I went along to the Elizabeth Street station house, and was there placed under $1,000 bail for having distributed Birth Control leaflets at the Union Square meeting May 20th. Evidently the detectives took no heed to the overwhelming testimony brought to bear in behalf of Mr. Bolton Hall, a testimony which, of course, will also be brought to bear in my behalf, i. e., that neither Mr. Hall nor myself distributed Birth Control leaflets. The detectives had decided to engage in a frame-up and they straightway proceeded to carry out their decision.

You will recollect that last April, I was arrested for *having given out birth control information*; that I was tried and found guilty and that I preferred going to the Queen's County Jail rather than pay a fine of $100.00 With that in view it is hardly necessary for me to emphasize that I believe in the birth control issue, and that I believe in the necessity of giving people information. In other words, I am willing to take the consequences if I have been guilty of what the law pleases to call an offence. But, as it is, I have not given out the circulars and, of course, do not intend to be arrested and thrown into jail simply because the New York detectives want to crown themselves with laurels of stemming the tide of the Birth Control agitation.

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FRIDAY, October 27th, I appeared before Judge Barlow, a type out of Dickens or Victor Hugo. Hard, pompous and dull. I waived examination, and was held for trial.

I cannot say at present when the trial will come up, but I expect to get a postponement and probably secure a jury trial. Meanwhile I am out on $1,000 bail.

On October 30th three cases were tried in the court of Special Sessions: Jesse Ashley and two I. W. W. boys, Kerr and Marman. Of course they were all found guilty. Jesse Ashley was sentenced to pay $50.00 fine or serve 10 days in jail. She would have preferred the jail sentence but was urged to make a test case. Therefore she paid the fine under protest and will appeal.

Kerr and Marman will probably fare worse, inasmuch as the detective testified that while speaking on Madison Square, the boys offered a Birth Control pamphlet for sale at 10 cents and gave away with 12—oh, horrors!—"Preparedness: The Road to Universal Slaughter," by E. G. Little did we dream, when we published the pamphlet what an important part it would play in a New York court.

The two boys insisted that what they did do was to sell the "preparedness" pamphlet and give the Birth Control leaflet gratis. But though judges know that detectives never hesitate to perjure themselves, Kerr and Marman were found guilty.

However; it was evident that the judges are being educated. Thus one of them was very emphatic in saying that he means to distinguish between those that give Birth Control information free, out of conviction, and those that sell it. No such instruction was made in either Bill Sanger's, Ben Reitman's, or my case, although none of us sold information.

The opinion of the judge, then, proves that direct action is the only action that counts. But for those of us who have defied the law, Birth Control would still be a parlor proposition, as it continues to be to this day with nearly all of the Birth Control leagues in this country.

THE RETURN OF THE HEROES

By W. S. Van Valkenburgh

WITH the return of the various militia units from their Mexican border debauch one cannot but be impressed with the grandeur of the vocation chosen by these hired and liveried germ spreaders in the cause of Uncle Sam.

As the sallow faced and emaciated gentlemen workers detrain at their respective habitats after the long and

tedious ride on slow trains they are met and embraced by the unsuspecting maids who are lured by the khaki and trinkets. Little do the girls realize the condition of personal filth these soldier "boys" bring home to them as they arrange the dates that are but preludes to deeds never recorded on the scroll of honor down in Washington.

The long delay in mustering out these green-horn dupes of the recent enlistment spasm, during which time they parade about town attired in their mustard colored suits, is responsible for the sudden change of attitude on the part of the general public toward those, who, but a few short months ago were the idols of men, women and children alike.

So notorious have their home exploits become that decent people are beginning to give them a wide berth as they approach, whilst for a girl to be seen in their company is sufficient reason for the busy-bodies to place the scarlet seal upon her.

Thus do the tax-payers, who have consistently supported the hundred million dollar Mexican fiasco, subscribe to the transformation of the State armories into brothels; the streets into avenues of temptation for the too confiding girls and the highways into lanes of seduction for the soldiers.

The health authorities were exceedingly careful during the recent quarantine regulations that no children should pass from town to town, but their good offices are entirely lacking when it comes to the more important work of fumigating the returning army, the majority of which bring back pollution and infection galore.

Such a situation is the natural accompaniment of the military humbug upon which Mr. Wilson depends so much for his re-election and towards which the superintelligent American public has acquiesced so willingly.

The next great charity scheme should be a popular subscription for the launching of a National pest-house to care for the incubating syphilitic crop whose fathers will always remain obscure and respectable in their infamy.

It is with poor grace and less reason that the American people point the finger of shame at the European ruling-class for the blood-bath their subjects are wal-

lowing in, while at home a similar military caste is rapidly in the making.

If ever the workers are to assert themselves, now is the time to do it, rather than await the time when the depression is upon us. If there were a little more social consciousness developed in place of the time worn class conscious propaganda of the socialist school there would be less militarism in the air and more common sense among the workers.

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS

I WAS a mere slip of a boy, but ten years old, when in 1887 our comrades Parsons, Fischer, Engel and Spies were hanged.

At that time, under the bloody tyrant Porfirio Diaz' regime, it was so common to learn of men being shot, hanged or who had otherwise vanished from the face of the earth, that the news of the tragedy, read by my father to my mother, did not attract much my attention except the fact that it happened in the United States. In my childish fancy, I placed America far away, at the end of the world, surrounded by misery and with odd landscapes, people and things as those described in the fairy tales of the Arabian Nights, the reading of which deeply impressed me.

Another thing that caught my fancy was the fact that these men, being classified as Anarchists, whom my father, not knowing the goal of the Anarchists and their sublime Ideals, described as men who were much like the Terrorists and the Nihilists of Russia. I had heard my father dwell on the marvelous exploits of these two last named and reverenced their sacrifices for the liberation of the Russian people, and that was enough for my childish mind to think of our martyred comrades from Chicago as of big, bold, beautiful men who were all devotion to those who suffer from such tyrants as Porfirio Diaz and the czars of the world.

Times passed on and with it the memory of my big, beautiful men who were hanged in Chicago. Suddenly they were again before me. I was standing at my mother's side near our cheap, unpainted table, when my father was reading to her something in memoriam of the Chicago Anarchists. I listened intently and wondered how

the bodies of the hanged men must have looked, dangling to and fro from the ends of the ropes fastened to the branches of a tall and leafy oak, as men are hanged in Mexico. . . . . .

And a full realization of the horrible and shameful tragedy of Chicago struck me for the first time. A world of thoughts, feelings and passions like a hurricane opened up before my mental eye. I though of them going to the gallows with manly poise, serene, smiling, conscious of the end, but conscious also of the immortality of their Ideals for which they were made to die. I thought of the human herd, humbly placing their necks in their daily yoke in factories and sweat-shops instead of rising in rebellious protest against the murder of their comrades.

A sense of humiliation, a feeling of disappointment overcame me, for I still had the fancy in those days, due to distance, that America was really to a large extent the Home of the FREE and the Land of the BRAVE, and not another poor Mexico, populated by cowardly PEONS who submit to the brutal oppression and exploitation of their masters. . . . . .

ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON,
Editor of "Regeneracion."

Los Angeles, Cal., October 19th, 1916.

ANARCHIST MORALITY

By PETER KROPOTKIN

I.

THE history of human thought recalls the swinging of a pendulum which takes centuries to swing.

After a long period of slumber comes a moment of awakening. Then thought frees itself from the chains with which those interested—rulers, lawyers, clerics—have carefully bound it.

The chains are shattered. Thought subjects to severe criticism all that has been taught and lays bare the emptiness of the religious, political, legal, and social prejudice amidst which it has vegetated. Researches in new paths are started and enrich our knowledge with new discoveries, creating new sciences. But the inveterate enemies of thought—the government, the law-giver, and the priest—soon recover from their defeat. By degrees they gather

together their scattered forces, and remodel their faith and their code of laws to adapt them to the new needs. Then, profiting by the servility of thought and of character, which they themselves have so effectually cultivated, profiting, too, by the momentary disorganization of society, taking advantage of the laziness of some, the greed of others, the best hopes (above all the best hopes) of many, they softly creep back to their work by first of all taking possession of childhood through education.

A child's spirit is weak. It is so easy to coerce it by fear. This they do.

They make the child timid, and then they talk to him of the torments of hell. They conjure up before him the sufferings of the condemned, the vengeance of an implacable god. The next minute they will be chattering of the horrors of revolution, and using some excess of the revolutionists to make the child "a friend of order." The priest accustoms the child to the idea of law, to make it obey better what he calls the "divine law," and the lawyer also prates of divine law, that the civil law may be the better obeyed.

And by that habit of submission, with which we are only too familiar, the thought of the next generation retains this religious twist, which is at once servile and authoritative; for authority and servility walk ever hand in hand.

During these slumbrous interludes, morals are rarely discussed. Religious practices and judicial hypocrisy take their place. Folks do not criticise, they let themselves be drawn by habit, or indifference. They do not put themselves out for or against the established morality. They do their best to make their actions appear to accord with their *professions*. And the moral level of society sinks lower and lower. Folks reach the morals of Rome in the decadence, of the *Ancien Régime*, of the end of the supremacy of the middle-classes.

All that was good, great, generous or independent in man, little by little becomes moss-grown; rusts like an unused knife. A lie becomes a virtue, a platitude, a duty. To enrich oneself, to seize one's opportunities, to exhaust one's intelligence, zeal and energy, no matter how, become the watchwords of the comfortable classes, as well as of the crowd of poor folk whose ideal is to ap-

pear bourgeois. Then the degradation of the ruler and of the judge, of the clergy and of the more or less comfortable classes becomes so revolting that the pendulum begins to swing the other way.

Little by little, youth frees itself. It flings overboard its prejudices, and it begins to criticise. Thought reawakens, at first among the few, but finally the awakening reaches the majority. The impulse is given, the revolution follows.

And each time the question of morality comes up again. "Why should I follow the principles of this hypocritical morality?" asks the brain, released from religious terrors. "Why should any morality be obligatory?"

Then folks try to account for the moral sentiment that they meet at every turn without having explained it to themselves. And they will never explain it so long as they believe it a privilege of human nature, so long as they do not descend to animals, plants and rocks to understand it. They seek the answer, however, in the science of the hour.

And, if we may venture to say so, the more the basis of conventional morality, or rather of the hypocrisy that fills its place, decays, the more the moral phrase is rampant. It is above all at such times, when folks are criticising and denying it, that moral sentiment seems to grow.

This came to pass in the eighteenth century. As long ago as 1723, Mandeville, the anonymous writer who scandalized England with his "Fable of the Bees" and the commentaries he added to it, boldly attacked the social hypocrisy known under the name of morality. He showed how so-called moral customs are only a hypocritical mask, how the passions folks think to master by the current code of morals take, on the contrary, a much worse direction on account of the very restriction of this code. Like Fourier, he asked for the passions that free scope, without which they degenerate into vices; and paying in this wise a tribute to the want of zoological knowledge in his time, that is to say, ignoring the morality of animals, he explained the origin of moral ideas by the interested flattery of parents and governing classes.

We know the vigorous criticism of moral ideas begun later by the Scotch philosophers and the Encyclopedists.

We know the Anarchists of 1790, and we know with whom the higher development of moral feeling is to be found: among the law-abiding, the patriots, the Jacobins who babbled of obligation and of the moral sanction of the "Supreme Being," or among the Hébertist atheists who denied, like Guyau, both obligation and moral sanction.

"Why should I be moral?"—this was the question that confronted the rationalists of the XII. century, the philosophers of the XVI. century, the philosophers and revolutionaries of the XVIII. century. Later on this question came back again among the English utilitarians (Bentham and Mill), among the German materialists, such as Büchner, among the Russian Nihilists of 1860-70, and to that young founder of Anarchist ethics (the moral science of societies)—Guyau, dead, alas! too soon. Finally, this is the question which at this hour confronts the young Anarchists of to-day.

Why indeed?

Thirty years ago, the youth of Russia were passionately agitated by this very question. "I will be immoral!" a young Nihilist said to his friend, thus translating into action the thoughts that gave him no rest. "I will be immoral, and why should I not? Because the Bible wills it? But the Bible is only a collection of Babylonian and Hebrew traditions, traditions collected and put together like the Homeric poems, or as is being done still with Basque poems and Mongolian legends. Must I then go back to the state of mind of the half civilized peoples of the East?

"Must I be moral because Kant tells me of a categoric imperative, of a mysterious command which comes to me from the depths of my own being and bids me be moral? But why should this 'categoric imperative' exercise a greater authority over my actions than that other imperative, which at times may command me to get drunk. A word, nothing but a word, like the words 'Providence,' or 'Destiny,' invented to conceal our ignorance.

"Or perhaps I am to be moral to oblige Bentham, who wants me to believe that I shall be happier if I drown to save a passer-by, who has fallen into the river, than if I watched him drown?

"Or perhaps because such has been my education?

Because my mother taught me morality? Shall I then go and kneel down in a church, honor the Queen, bow before the judge I know for a scoundrel, simply because our mothers, our good ignorant mothers, have taught us such nonsense?

"I am prejudiced—like everyone else. I will try to rid myself of prejudice! Even though immorality be distasteful, I will yet force myself to be immoral, as when I was a boy I forced myself to give up fearing the dark, the churchyard, ghosts and dead people—all of which I had been taught to fear.

"I will be immoral to snap a weapon abused by religion; I will do it, were it only to protest against the hypocrisy imposed on us in the name of a word to which the name morality has been given!"

Such was the way in which the youth of Russia reasoned when they broke with old prejudices, and unfurled this banner of Nihilist or rather of Anarchist philosophy: to bend the knee to no authority whatsoever, however respected, to accept no principle so long as it is not established by reason.

Need we add, that after pitching into the waste-basket the teaching of their fathers, and burning all systems of morality, the Nihilist youth developed in their midst a nucleus of moral customs, infinitely superior to that which their fathers had practised under the control of the "Gospel," of the "Conscience," of the "Categoric Imperative," or of the "Recognized Advantage" of the utilitarian But before answering the question, "why am I to be moral?" let us see if the question is well put, let us analyze the motives of human action.

II.

When our ancestors wished to account for what led men to act in one way or another, they did so in a very simple fashion. Down to the present day, certain Catholic images may be seen that represent this explanation. A man is going on his way, and, without being in the least aware of it, carries a devil on his left shoulder, and an angel on his right. The devil prompts him to do evil, the angel tries to keep him back. And if the angel gets the best of it and the man remains virtuous, three other angels catch him up and carry him to heaven. In this way everything is explained wondrously well.

Old Russian nurses, full of such lore, will tell you never to put a child to bed without unbuttoning the collar of its shirt. A warm spot at the bottom of the neck should be left bare, where the guardian angel may nestle. Otherwise, the devil will worry the child even in its sleep.

These conceptions are passing away. But though the old words disappear, the essential idea remains the same.

Well brought up folks no longer believe in the devil; but, as their ideas are no more rational than those of our nurses, they do but disguise devil and angel under a new mask. They do not say "devil" now-a-days, but "the flesh," or "the passions." The "angel" is replaced by the words "conscience" or "soul," by "reflection of the thought of a divine creator," or "the Great Architect," as the freemasons say. But man's action is still represented as the result of a struggle between two hostile elements. And a man is always considered virtuous just in the degree to which one of these two elements—the soul or conscience—is victorious over the other—the flesh or passions.

It is easy to understand the astonishment of our great grandfathers when the English philosophers, and later, the Encyclopedists, began to affirm, in opposition to these primitive ideas, that the devil and the angel had nothing to do with human action, but that all acts of man, good or bad, useful or baneful, arise from a single motive: the lust for pleasure.

The whole religious confraternity, and, above all, the numerous sects of the pharisees shouted "Immorality." They covered the thinkers with insult, they excommunicated them. And when later on, in the course of this century, the same ideas were again taken up by Bentham, John Stuart Mill, Tchernischevsky, and a host of others, and when these thinkers began to affirm and prove that egoism, or the lust for pleasure, is the true motive of all our actions, the maledictions redoubled.

And yet what can be more true than the assertion they made?

Here is a man who snatches its last mouthful of bread from a child. Every one agrees in saying that he is a horrible egoist, that he is guided solely by self-love.

But now here is another man, whom every one agrees to recognize as virtuous. He shares his last bit of bread with the hungry, and strips off his coat to clothe the naked.

And the moralists, sticking to their religious jargon, hasten to say that this man carries the love of his neighbor to the point of self-abnegation, that he obeys a wholly different passion from that of the egoist. And yet, with a little reflection, we soon discover that, however great the difference between the two actions in their result for humanity, the motive has still been the same. It is the quest of pleasure. If the man who gives away his last shirt found no pleasure in doing so, he would not do it. If he found pleasure in taking bread from a child, he would do that; but this is distasteful to him; he finds pleasure in giving, and so he gives. If it were not inconvenient to cause confusion by employing in a new sense words that have a recognized meaning, it might be said that in both cases the men acted under the impulse of their egoism. Some have actually said this, to give prominence to the thought, and precision to the idea, by presenting it in a form that strikes the imagination, and at the same time to destroy the myth which asserts that these two acts have two different motives. They have the same motive, the quest of pleasure, or the avoidance of pain, which comes to the same thing.

Take, for example, the worst of scoundrels: a Thiers, who massacres thirty-five thousand Parisians, or an assassin who butchers a whole family in order that he may wallow in debauchery. They do it because, for the moment, the desire of glory or of money gains in their minds the upper hand of every other desire. Even pity and compassion are extinguished for the moment by this other desire, this other thirst. They act almost automatically to satisfy a craving of their nature. Or again, putting aside the stronger passions, take the petty man who deceives his friends, who lies at every step to get out of somebody the price of a pot of beer, or from sheer love of brag, or from cunning. Take the employer who cheats his workmen to buy jewels for his wife or his mistress. Take any petty scoundrel you like. He again only obeys an impulse; he seeks the satisfaction of a craving, or he seeks to escape what would give him trouble.

We are almost ashamed to compare such petty scoundrels with one who sacrifices his whole existence to free the oppressed, and, like a Russian Nihilist, mounts the scaffold; so vastly different for humanity are the results

of these two lives; so much do we feel ourselves drawn towards the one and repelled by the other.

And yet were you to talk to such a martyr, to the woman who is about to be hanged; even going to the gallows, she would tell you that she would not exchange either her life—of a wild beast hunted by the hounds of the Tzar—nor her death for the life of the petty scoundrel who lives on the pence stolen from his workers. In her life, in the struggle against monstrous force, she finds her highest joys. Everything else, outside the struggle, all the little joys of the bourgeois and his little troubles seem to her so contemptible, so pitiable! "You do not live, you vegetate," she would reply; "I have lived."

(To be continued.)

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

Virginia, Minnesota, October 10, 1916.

FELLOW-WORKERS and Friends,

By this time either from here direct, or through the committee that is empowered to act for us in N. Y. you have received circular letters and literature informing you of the struggle that has been going on here for the last four months and a half against the Steel Trust.

We wish now to inform you and all our friends and supporters that by a majority vote of the strikers the strike has been declared off. We take this means to express to all who so generously and continuously supported us in the struggle our grateful appreciation and at the same time state the principal reason for our decision.

We struck against intolerable conditions, entirely unorganized, without funds, experience, or even acquaintance with one another, we were compelled to rely upon the labor movement throughout the country for relief to provide bread for our wives and babies. Hundreds of our ranks as well as our organizers and speakers were arrested, and the latter group are now in jail facing a charge of murder.

We have fought all summer against the Steel Trust and its many lackeys with all the power and knowledge we possessed, but we felt it would be unwise to continue the struggle throughout the terrible cold of a Mimesota

winter with eviction staring us in the face. The best union men would be driven out of the country and the field would be left free to the scabs.

Experience gained through the strike has been invaluable to us. We are now determined to organize. Our fighting spirit is aroused. The first round of our struggle is over but we are determined to prepare for the next battle better and stronger than ever before.

It is our determination to devote our time and energies this winter exclusively to the two-fold object; organizing for the future struggle, and devoting ourselves to the defense of the prisoners, that they shall not be victimized for their loyalty to us. We shall stand ready to strike in their behalf.

These men and one woman: Carlo Tresca, Joe Schmidt, Sam Scarlett, Joe Nickich, John Orlandich, Joe Cernogorovich, Philip Masonovich and Mrs. Masonovich are the victims of a deliberate frame up of the Steel Trust and its agents. They are accused of being participants and accessories to the murder of a Deputy Sheriff, who as a matter of fact, was shot in a melee in which only the Deputies provoked the row and did any shooting. They were arrested during the strike as part of the general conspiracy of the employers to put the leaders out of the way. We lost this strike but the mining corporations have paid dearly.

The Steel Corporation will use all of its tremendous power and influence to send these workers to a living death in the State Prison, and forever brand them with the mark of Cain, only because they dared to question its rule of robbery and slavery.

This is a cry of alarm! The serious predicament of the accused is not fully realized. The trials will start December 5th. The most potent capitalist organization of America is eager to vent its hate and quench its thirst for vengeance on our fellow-workers. This rich concern has its hands dripping with the blood of working men and women of Ludlow, Bayonne, Calumet and Youngstown and so many other places. It is responsible for massacres of workers, women and children, and now proposes to continue with its feasts of blood. These Wall Street brigands have no heart. Their private gunmen and hired assassins killed John Allar and

Thomas Ladvalla during this strike and a hand picked grand jury held the murder justifiable.

Enough workers have been imprisoned and murdered in the past. It's time to cry halt. Corporations must not continue to victimize those who fight for better conditions. We must once and for all decide the issue. We shall succeed if all the workers, irrespective of the opinions and prejudices that divided us in the past, make this fight against the Steel Trust the common fight of free men and women.

All to the task! This is an hour requiring supreme sacrifices. The lives and liberties of eight innocent workers are in danger. The right to organization is threatened.

We are not pleading merely for the life and liberty of Carlo Tresca, Joe Schmidt, Sam Scarlett and their companions. WE ARE PLEADING FOR YOUR LIFE AND LIBERTY. FOR THE LIFE AND LIBERTY OF ALL WORKERS. If the Steel Trust wins this fight none will dare to raise the banner of revolt in the future without seeing themselves dragged to prison or the scaffold.

The workers of this country on numerous occasions with a magnificent show of solidarity and effort freed laboring men, victims of employers frame-ups. They can on this occasion free these victims. They must be freed at all cost.

Take the enclosed subscription lists and pass them among your shop-mates and friends for contributions. Give what you can as an organization or an individual. We must raise funds and we can only depend on the workers to help.

DO NOT ANSWER THIS APPEAL BY SAYING THAT YOU HAVE ALREADY DONE WHAT YOU COULD. RENEW YOUR PROOF OF SOLIDARITY. Hold protest meetings, send resolutions of protest to the Governor of Minnesota.

REMEMBER! SEVEN WORKINGMEN AND ONE WOMAN PEER THROUGH PRISON BARS DEPENDING ON US ALL TO OPEN THE JAIL DOORS AND RETURN THEM TO THEIR HOMES, TO THEIR LOVED ONES AND TO THE FIGHT FOR BETTER CONDITIONS.

In this effort all men and women who are struggling

for Industrial Freedom must stand shoulder to shoulder.

Yours in the cause of labor,

THE MESABA IRON RANGE STRIKERS DEFENCE COMMITTEE

JAMES GILDAY,
Secretary-Treasurer.

THE GRAIN THAT WAS LIKE AN EGG

A PARABLE BY LEO TOLSTOY

ONCE upon a time some children found, in a ravine, a little round something that was like an egg; but it also had a groove down the middle, and so was like a grain of corn. A passer-by saw this something in the children's hands, and bought it off them for a *piatak*.* Then he took it away to town and sold it to the Tsar as a curiosity.

The Tsar sent for his wise men, and commanded them to examine the little round something and to say if it was an egg or a grain of corn. The wise men pondered and pondered, but could not solve the problem.

So the little round something was left lying on a window-sill, and a hen flew in, pecked at the little round something, and pecked a hole in it; so that everyone could now see that it was a grain of corn. Wherefore the wise men hastened to return and tell the Tsar that the little round something was nothing else than a grain of rye.

The Tsar was astonished, and commanded the wise men to ascertain where and when this grain was grown. So the wise men pondered and pondered, and searched their books; but could discover nothing. They returned to the Tsar, therefore, and said: "We cannot resolve those two questions, for we find nothing written in our books about them. But let your Imperial Majesty cause inquiry to be made among the peasantry, lest haply any one of them has ever heard from his elders where and when this grain was sown."

So the Tsar sent and commanded a very ancient elder of the peasantry to be brought to him. Such a one was searched for, and conducted to the Tsar's presence. The old man was livid and toothless, and walked with difficulty on crutches.

*A copper coin.

The Tsar showed him the grain, which was unlike anything that the old man had ever seen before. Indeed, he could hardly see it now, but half-examined it with his eyes, half-felt it with his hands. Then the Tsar asked him:

"Do you know, good grandfather, where this grain was grown? Did you yourself ever sow similar grain in your field, or did you ever in your time buy similar grain?"

The old man was deaf, and heard and understood only with great difficulty, so that he was slow in answering.

"No," he said at last, "it never befell me to sow such grain in my field, nor to reap such grain, nor to buy it. When we bought corn it was all of fine, small grain. But," he continued, "you would do well to ask my father. He may have heard where such a grain as this one was grown."

So the Tsar sent the old man to fetch his father, and commanded the latter to be brought to him. The father of the old man was duly found and conducted to the presence, and he entered it hobbling on one crutch only. The Tsar showed him the grain, and, as the old man still had the use of his eyes, he was able to see it quite clearly. Then the Tsar asked him:

"Do you know, my good old man, where such a grain was grown? Did you ever yourself sow similar grain in your field? Or did you ever in your time buy similar grain from anywhere?"

The old man was a little hard of hearing, yet he could hear much better than his son.

"No," he said, "it never befell me to sow or to reap such grain; no, nor yet to buy it, since in my time money had not begun to be used in trade. Everyone grew his own bread, and, as regarded other needs, one shared with another. I do not know where such a grain as this one can have been grown, for, although our grain was larger than grain is now and gave more flour, I have never before seen such a grain. But I have heard my father say that in his time better corn was reaped than in mine, and that it was larger and yielded more flour. You would do well to send and ask him."

So the Tsar sent for the father of this old man, and the father was found and conducted to the presence. He

entered it without crutches at all—walking easily, in fact —while his eyes were still bright and he spoke distinctly. The Tsar showed him the grain, and the old man looked at it and turned it over and over.

"Ah," he said, "but it is many a long day since I have seen a grain of olden times like this one!" Then he nibbled the grain and chewed a morsel of it. "It is the same!" he exclaimed.

"Tell me, then, grandfather," said the Tsar, "where and when such grain as this was grown? Did you yourself ever sow such grain in your field? Or did you ever in your time buy it anywhere of others?"

Then the old man replied:

"In my time such grain as this was reaped everywhere. It was on such grain that I myself lived and supported others. Such grain have I both sowed and reaped and ground."

And the Tsar asked him again:

"Tell me, good grandfather, was it ever your custom to *buy* such grain anywhere, or always to sow it yourself in your own field?"

The old man smiled.

"In my time," he said, "no one would ever have thought of committing so great a sin as to buy or to sell grain. We knew nothing of money. Each man had as much grain as he wanted."

Then the Tsar asked him again:

"Tell me, good grandfather, where it was that you sowed such grain—where, indeed, your field was?"

And the old man replied:

"My field was the earth. Where I ploughed, that was my field. The earth was free, and no man called it his own. All that he called his own was the labour of his own hands."

"Tell me now," said the Tsar, "two other things: firstly, why it is that such grain once grew, but grows not now; and secondly, why it is that your grandson walked on two crutches, and your son one one, while you yourself walk easily without any at all, and have, moreover, your eyes still bright and your teeth still strong and your speech still clear and kindly. Tell me the reason for these two things."

Then answered the old man:

"The reason for those two things is that men have ceased to live by their labour alone, and have begun to hanker after their neighbours' goods. In the olden days they lived not so. They were masters of their own, and coveted not what belonged to another."

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of MOTHER EARTH, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1916. State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ben L. Reitman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the MOTHER EARTH and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Emma Goldman, 20 E. 125th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Emma Goldman, 20 E. 125th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Emma Goldman, 20 E. 125th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Dr. Ben L. Reitman, 20 E. 125th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Emma Goldman, 20 E. 125th St., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

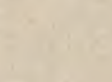
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

BEN L. REITMAN, M.D., Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1916.

(Seal) ERNEST W. BOCK.

(My commission expires August 24, 1918.)



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